

Good Morning 331

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Wanting to get the breaks? MAKE THE "OLD ENEMY" SERVE YOU

Dick Gordon Presents

STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO



E.N.S.A. — I venture to suggest that those four letters mean far more than the average man imagines. I won't go to lengths to tell you that by far the greater part of all-rate professional entertainers in this country are lined up with that outfit. Nor will I list the numerous countries to which parties have been sent.

Instead, let me introduce a lady from Sussex who has scorned West End fame to entertain troops overseas; she is Elsie Winson, thirty years old.

In her letters home to Worthing, she has graphically described one of the most thrilling adventure stories of the war—her life in the front line.

Leaving home to go to France a few months after the outbreak of war, she toured the country, and was one of the last of the entertainers to be evacuated.

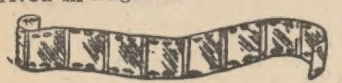
Late in 1940 she arrived in Egypt with the same company of eight.

From Egypt come letters relating hair-breadth escapes, and humour. Playing in tents and hangars and caves to audiences varying from 10 to 3,000 a day, they travelled hundreds of miles between each performance.

One letter describes how the troupe walked miles to an outpost, and in the midst of the show a sand-storm blew the tent away, until they and the audience were up to their knees in sand. The show went on.

Another tells the tragedy of a coach smash, in which the officer commanding a battalion lost both his legs and several of the troupe suffered slight injuries.

Guarded by Military Police against brigands, they played in every camp from Cyprus to Palestine, and eventually arrived in Baghdad.



IT was on this journey that disaster overtook them; their plane caught fire in mid-air, and the pilot, badly burned, made a forced landing in the desert.

The troupe broke the sides of the aircraft, and scrambled to safety with their clothes burning and the plane a mass of flames.

They walked for hours, and finally were picked up, to arrive at their destination two hours late. Again the show went on.

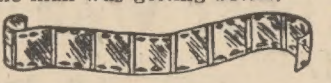
Back in Egypt, they again found excitement. An English



soldier, dying of pneumonia, requested them to sing a song to remind him of home.

Elsie and two other girls volunteered to sing "Smiling Through." One girl collapsed in the middle of it, but the other two carried on.

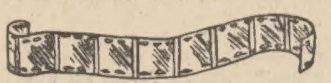
The following morning the M.O. thanked them, and said the man was getting better.



NO two people in the entertainment world can lay claim to a more varied life, a more colourful life, than Joan and Betty Raynor, sister-troubadours who interrupted a world tour to come to England from America to entertain the Forces for E.N.S.A.

Joan and Betty present a most original programme of unaccompanied folk-songs, legends and plays. Travelling in a small 8 h.p. motor car, they carry their own costumes and stage equipment, visiting hospitals, convalescent homes, A.A. gun sites and industrial hostels, etc., under the direction of the Hospital Concert Section of E.N.S.A.

The sisters, who were born in New Zealand, have made three trips round the world in their search for old legends and folk-songs upon which to base their programmes. They are in truth strolling players, for they have journeyed to France, Norway, Sweden, Bavaria, the Ukraine, Canada, America and Australia, among other countries, and are able to entertain in all languages used by the Allied Nations.



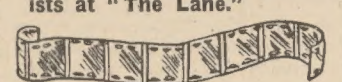
ATTRACTIVE Joan Parry, formerly of Anglesey, and now "house" pianist at E.N.S.A. headquarters, Drury Lane Theatre, is perhaps the only woman who has been to prison in her efforts to entertain the Forces.

On tour with the concert party, "All for Fun," she left Preston, Lancashire, to act as accompanist at a Forces show near Manchester. Snow was

falling, and continued to fall when the party began the return journey.

"We got as far as Walkden, and then found the roads impassable," Joan told me. "A friendly policeman took us to the police station, where we stayed the night. Two girls slept on a table, a man coiled himself up on a shelf, and another girl and I were locked up in a cell. Really locked up, because we were told it was in accordance with regulations. Fortunately, we got rooms at an hotel in the morning, but we were snowed up for two days."

Miss Parry has been a pianist since she was four years of age. Just before the war she became a church organist in Liverpool. The church was blitzed in 1940, and she then joined E.N.S.A. At present she spends hours a day accompanying singers, comedians and instrumentalists at "The Lane."



STILL with E.N.S.A., we turn to music.

The Music Division is now forming an operatic company, with Dennis Noble, Nancy Evans and Miriam Licette, to take excerpts from opera abroad. Mr. Noble was in France with Sir Seymour Hicks in November, 1939, and again in February, 1940. The first concert he gave on arrival there was in the Circular Theatre in Roubaix, and it was in the same spot that he performed in 1918 with Leslie Henson's Fifth Army Concert Party. He played, too, in the Opera House at Lille, where he had sung many times in the interim of the two wars.

Today's Thought

I long to believe in immortality... If I am destined to be happy with you here—how short is the longest life. I wish to believe in immortality—I wish to live with you for ever.
John Keats,
"To Fanny Brawne."

"WOULDN'T it be wonderful," sighs the dreamer, "if we were all given ten thousand pounds at birth?"

It just shows you the difference between a day-dream and concrete reality. Only the very lucky—or are they unlucky?—are born with £10,000.

Yet every average human being is born with a staggering fortune of minutes—they total about 37,000,000—and you hear very little rejoicing on account of this infinitely wonderful gift.

Yet, if time is money, we should rejoice in our minutes. There is a time ration of 1,440 minutes in every day; and only a third of these, at most, need be surrendered in sleep.

The amazing thing about minutes is that they have to be spent. They cannot be banked, and yet they can be wisely invested and made to yield dividends.

Arnold Bennett is one of the men who made a reputation and gained riches and success because he had learned how to use minutes to the best advantage. He made up his mind that, by spending a major proportion of his minutes in practice and constant endeavour, he could learn to write readable books.

Among them, you may remember, was that minor classic, "How to Live on 24 Hours a Day." It outsold many of his greater works—and is still selling. We all want to know how to make the most of the minutes.

Yet how few people, when it comes to the test, even try to discipline the minutes spent in the routine jobs of life? How many deliberately tame "working" and "living" time to make minutes of precious extra leisure to devote to self-fulfilment?

In thousands of personal-interview psychiatric cases I have found that time is truly the "Old Enemy"; time that's muddled or unwisely spent.

We've each only one life, only one fortune of minutes given us at birth, and it's up to us to make the most of it.

Noted Psychologist, Dr. William Laing, speaks on Life's vital problems

I know an efficient little woman—a sailor's wife, incidentally—who has her minutes disciplined so admirably that she even keeps an account of them in a notebook.

When she showed it to me, each day bore cryptic notations, such as "B-8, D-12, S-42, Bs-7."

"B-8 means that I did the breakfast dishes in eight minutes," she explained. Then I did the dinner dishes in 12, completed my shopping in 42 and made the beds in 7. It takes me a few seconds a day to write it all down, but I'm always trying to improve on the figures."

Every improvement means that she has more time to devote to the two war jobs she is holding down in her spare time, more money earned, more national savings and more happiness and security after the war.

She already earns more than any of her neighbours in a similar position. She has her minutes taped!

When next on leave, watch your own timing for a week on routine jobs. Try speeding them up without scamping. You'll soon find yourself saving valuable minutes a day, and those minutes will become valuable hours.

What to do with those minutes is, perhaps, quite another problem. There must naturally be time for rest and relaxation. But have you ever worked out how much time is wasted in "gassing"—apart from time that is well spent in "gassing"?

My experience of conversations is that most of them last long. Because one seems to have so much time, it's apt to get misspent. For a start, try devoting the extra time to the book knowledge—and even culture!—you've perhaps wanted to acquire.

Perhaps you'll have to plan ahead to decide what books to include in your property. But isn't it worth it?

Perhaps you've already given yourself a plan in life. Begin by planning just one hour—no more—a day and, in that hour, live according to the plan. Then you're INVESTING your time rationally and not just spending it.

That special hour will soon become a habit, and all good habits are not only time savers—they are the beginning of all wisdom.

That's why we willingly discipline ourselves in habits of tidiness, knowing them to be time- and trouble-savers.

"Habit is a second nature? Habit is ten times nature," the Duke of Wellington exclaimed, and this Montgomery of Waterloo knew what he was talking about. For, there is no surer discipline than self-discipline.

That's why we should be tidy in the matter of time, as well as with our OTHER personal possessions. You wouldn't allow a dripping oil-can to lie neglected, and yet how often is the oil of time allowed to run to waste!

There's A Time for Everything! That old proverb looks a little different, doesn't it, when you apply capital letters?

So how's your own Time Tidiness? Any odd bits lying about that you ought to collect together? Any items of mismanaged time—too much time devoted to one thing and not enough to another? Watch your personal time sheets with a critical eye, and don't let time run away with you. Make the Old Enemy YOUR servant—and you'll get the breaks.

The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town or city.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

One on God's side is a majority.
Wendell Phillips
(1811-1884).

Black-out Stick Boom in Britain, Now

(From Harold A. Albert)

THE walking stick has come back. In fact, Old Joe Ewing, of Clerkenwell, who bends sticks better than any other man in the trade, doesn't mince his words about the walking stick boom. Where he works, they have to refuse orders because there are only 18 hands. Joe can remember when walking stick factories thought nothing of employing 800 workers!

Watch Joe bending a nice piece of Irish blackthorn. He first cooks the end in hot, red sand, then bandages it with strong tape and finally clamps it in a vice and turns it until he has formed the crook.

He can bend 50 hard wood sticks a day. Give him malacca cane heads, however, and he'll bend up to 200. They showed me a batch of malacca handles drying off over the kiln, bedded in more red sand. They stay that way for over 24 hours. So that's how the bend gets in the walking stick!

And the modern boom isn't just the outcome of young subalterns' demands for natty leather-covered canes.

Stick sales began to soar

with the black-out. There has been a trade crescendo in white-painted sticks, canes with luminous strips and sticks with torches cunningly concealed in the handles. Sword-sticks, too, are making headway. One novelty I have just seen not only provides a tripod seat, a knife and a pencil, but also a receptacle for concentrated foods.

Trouble is, material isn't easy to obtain in the walking stick trade at the moment. Malacca and whangee, the root of the cane, used to come from Malaya. Hazel was formerly imported from France. The best cherry wood comes from Australia, and even English ash and chestnut are by no means plentiful.

Gypsies used to visit the stick factories with cartloads of furze sticks. Now, some soft woods are being reinforced with plastic, and

there's one curious customer who is walking round London with a walking stick of gold painted to look like wood. He apparently thinks it wise in these days to carry his fortune around with him—but, boy, watch for the day when he leaves it behind in a bus.

Walking sticks once figured at the top of statistical lists of lost property. They've slipped way down, but they're worth watching.

Seventy walking sticks sold in London recently were made of Siberian mammoth. Ivory once used to be the rage for walking stick handles, but mammoth tusks make very good sticks when worked and tooled.

Queer, isn't it, to think of a mammoth buried in the frozen wastes of Siberia for thousands of years—only to have his tusks help a man along a London street in 1944!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Cassub spills his beans

THE SEA-GREEN GROCER

By JASPAR POWER

PART XVII

"WILL ye stop moanin' and dhronin' ye're ould come-all-ye?" Hairy Butler was snarling as the grocer entered the low, smoky room. Old Dick was sitting in a corner, sharing a chattee of palm toddy with an aged native with scanty beard and red-rimmed eyes. The Professor sat at a rickety table with two Bengali moneylenders, and it seemed that a game of poker had been in progress. Butler did not look up as the grocer walked in; luck had apparently been against him, for he was naked except for a dingy loin cloth, secured round his waist with his own leather belt. Beads of sweat coursed down his hairy torso, and his face was puckered with ill-temper, but Pybus was much too exhilarated to notice such trifles.

"Hey, Hairy, listen," he shouted excitedly. "I've found out who I am. I'm Reggie Pybus, and I had a grocer's shop in Pottleworth, and I've left thirty-four quid with the barmaid in a London pub, and I—"

"Oh, ye're a teagrocer, are ye?" growled the Irishman surlily, for the palm toddy had reached even his seasoned head. "Well, I'm Ignatius Dominic Butler, and I'm skunt. These black choors has embroiled every last cent I got from the Old Man, and swallo'ed down seven dibs Billy gev me for me gear, barrin' the belt, which he says

WANGLING WORDS—279

1. Put injury in CING and make it delightful.
2. Find a sports ground hidden in the following sentence: Oak-apples are natural growths but not fruits. (The required letters will be found together and in their right order.)
3. Altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration, change EYE into LIP and then back again into EYE, without using the same word twice.
4. In the following first line of a famous poem, both the letters in the words and the words themselves have been shuffled. What is it? Gripant hte slott ayd het fo wrefuc klein.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 278

1. DNIESTER.
2. Plum, Fruit, Nut, Genoa, Dundee, Madeira, Sultana, Gateau, Sponge, Lemon, Fish, Dough, Seed, Tea, Potato, Soap.
3. FEET, BEET, BEAT, BELT, MELT, MALT, MALE, MILE, LEEK, REEK, REEL, KEEL, NOSE, LOSE, LOST, LAST, WAST, WAIT, WAIN, CAIN, COIN, CHIN.
4. Fast, meaning firm and motionless, and moving quickly.

JANE



is made o' cowhide. Teagrocer, moryah!"

"We all have our faults," said the Professor, in tones of sorrowful tolerance. "Jackpot this time, I believe."

"I will open for six annas," said the fatter of the two moneylenders unemotionally. "Mr. Hairy is out, is he not?" The game went on.

Fuming at their indifference, the grocer turned to leave.

"I'm going back aboard," he announced over his shoulder. "I tell you I've found out my name, and you won't even listen. I'd rather be shipmates with a crowd of Chinks than a pack of stiffies like you. You're a bunch of lousy roustabouts and beazles, only fit to sail before the mast. The minute the Antipas gets home I'll swallow the anchor and go back to my shop."

"Oh, ye've got a shop, have ye?" mused Hairy Butler, his wrinkled face gradually lighting up. "Queer Fella, ye're a man of substance and shtanding—give us a hault of ye're fist, till I shake ye be the hand."

"Wholesale and retail provision dealer," beamed Pybus mollified at once.

"D'ye tell me that, now," marvelled the Irishman. "Professor, the Queer Fella here is a teagrocer, no less, wid a wholesale and retail importum thremblin' at his nod. He's loanin' me seven dibs to get back me clothes from Billy."

"Ten," croaked the bearded ancient, blinking up from his chattee. "Last price, ten."

"Why don't you take a hand, Queer Fella?" asked the Professor, as Butler resumed his ransomed raiment. "You seem to be in luck to-night."

"I don't know poker properly yet," objected the grocer half-heartedly. "I've only played twice. But I used to be hot stuff at Pottleworth Institute, when they had the winter whist drives."

"If ye don't speculate ye'll never accumulate," urged Hairy Butler reasonably. "In me own opinion, a man that'd play whist'd play anything. Lend me a few rupees, like a good man, and we'll be makin' a shtart."

"All right, I'll play," agreed Pybus; he felt strangely light-headed, after that shock in the Alcazar; he did not care what came next. The two Begalis exchanged a furtive glance of interrogation as he took off his coat and sat down. They seemed to suspect a frame-up,

for even the ancient gods of India rarely come down as handsomely as that. In the corner Old Dick began to snore.

Three times in succession the grocer threw in his hand. As it went down for the fourth, one of the Bengalis said "Openers," in a sharp tone. Although it was an ordinary hand, Pybus was quite deceived, and instinctively turned up his cards—Aces and Kings, with the Joker. If the Bengalis were surprised, they showed no sign of it, nor did the grocer expect them to. He was under the impression that he held two pairs.



"Ear that? Says he'd like to know who the heck got the perishin' idea our police were wonderful!"

Holding a flush of clubs in the next hand, Pybus went up to eleven rupees, at which stage the moneylenders dropped out. Greatly encouraged at this simple method of making money, he took another ten from them on nothing at all, and promptly staked all his winnings on the hand after that. On the last three occasions the grocer had played the hands dealt to him, without drawing a single card, which seemed to the Indians too good to be true. Both of them called his bluff, and paid over their money, for the straight flush retains its potency, even in the Orient. The professor woke up Old Dick, and sent him out for beer.

Somewhere in the neighbourhood of three o'clock the moneylenders remembered urgent appointments somewhere else, and made their departure, muttering things in the vernacular about Pybus which luckily he did not understand.

Every pocket of the now crumpled white suit bulged with thumbled and sticky banknotes, and Liverpool's Billy's spare loincloth had been requisitioned to carry the silver. They climbed into the gharry in which the grocer had arrived, and, at the Professor's suggestion, drove to a Chinese eating-house to count their spoils. The gharry wallah didn't regret his long wait. "Isn't that Lobscouse in the corner?" asked Pybus, as they sat down. "Looks like he's stowing it away."

The cook was sprawling motionless, his arms flung far across the tablecloth. Myriads of flies swarmed uncertainly between the rival attractions of his flushed face and the unfinished plate of chop suey an inch from his nose. Mr. 'Itchens wore his go-shore suit, and a wilted orchid drooped from his button-hole.

"Shock of eating well-cooked scoff," said the Professor. "Let's have ham and eggs, Queer Fella." They fell to counting the money, taking no further notice of the cook.

"That's the lot," announced Hogsbottle a few minutes later. "Two hundred and forty-one dibs. Quite respectable for a novice, isn't it, Hairy?"

"What else would ye expect from a teagrocer?" demanded the Irishman. "They're little better than ships' chandlers that goes about in shteam yachts and—"

"Excuse me, are you men off the Herod Antipas?" interrupted a voice behind them. A European police sergeant had entered unobtrusively from the direction of the kitchen, and was watching them suspiciously. Pybus noticed uneasily that native constables armed with bamboo lathis were posted at the doors and windows.

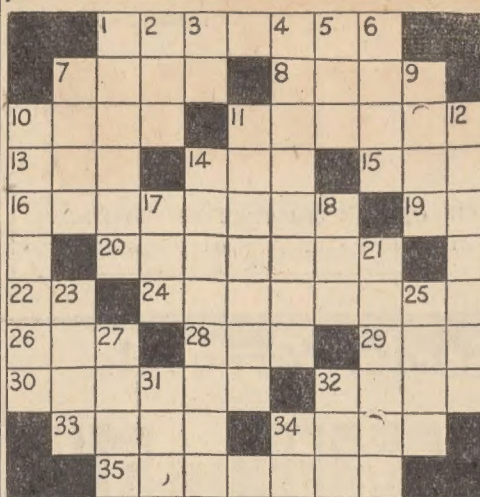
"We are from the Antipas, for our sins," Hairy Butler admitted. "Twasn't our fault, sergeant, we was led away be bad companions."

"I have the place surrounded, so don't try to escape," said the sergeant stiffly. "I have a warrant here for the arrest of Frederick Calvert, alias Whichens which of you is it now?"

"Him," said Butler, pointing without hesitation to the cook. "Grease the rope well when ye stretch him."

Pybus opened his mouth to protest, but a meaning kick from the Professor made him change his mind. He looked on

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Heavy fall.
- 7 Hang around.
- 8 Harvest.
- 10 Warbled.
- 11 Sweet.
- 13 Former.
- 14 Study.
- 15 Derisive cry.
- 16 Small blossom.
- 19 Note of music.
- 20 Abused.
- 22 Pronoun.
- 24 Famous Oxford library.
- 26 Cry.
- 28 Drink.
- 29 Recline.
- 30 Dwellings.
- 32 Pasteboard.
- 33 Genuine.
- 34 Obligation.
- 35 Put back.

R HUSH PROD
OPEN ARIA U
WOAD SUPINE
ARROW SILOS
NOT ROTTEN
U VIAL DEM
ASSENTED E
B LAKH IRKS
ATOLL JAUNT
FOP EVINCE
TWEED BAKER

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Vultures.
- 2 Hard stone.
- 3 From.
- 4 Strong silk stuff.
- 5 Fish.
- 6 Piquant.
- 7 Alloy.
- 9 Vegetables.
- 10 Somewhat gentle.
- 11 Scoffs at.
- 12 Made less crowded.
- 14 Keen adherence.
- 17 Woven fabric.
- 18 Mound on course.
- 21 Expatriate.
- 23 Trumpet sound.
- 25 Flippant.
- 27 Whirring sound.
- 31 Entreat.
- 32 Cowardly fellows.
- 34 Suffice.

in bewilderment as handcuffs were clapped on the cook's wrists, and he was bundled expeditiously out into the night. The grocer turned blankly to the others for enlightenment.

"The cassub has blown the gaff," explained Old Dick, and returned to his ham and eggs.

"What gaff?" demanded Pybus stupidly.

"About Calvert and that money evaporating from the Orchomeneus," said the Professor. "Didn't you know about it?"

"What's it got to do with the cook, even if Calvert did pinch it?" persisted Pybus, more mystified than ever.

"Calvert bolted this after-

YOU'LL EAT 95 SECOND JOINT IN POST WAR

LATEST threat by the thermionic-valve boys is that after the war you'll be able to cook a respectable family joint in something like two and a half minutes.

Already, our reporter tells us, some of the biggest radio firms in the business are busy turning out model "thermionic stoves" which do this sort of thing by radio waves. believe it or dis-believe.

Idea behind the scheme for Cook-While-You-Wait is the use of thermionic heating.

Instead of "passing" "Music While You Work" over the air, the engineers of the future will turn hot music into heat—and there she is. We don't say we understand all the ergs, ohms, and other niceties of the up-and-coming radio-wallah—but if they can induce fever (as they do) by ultra-short waves, well, why not roast a joint?

That, anyway, seems to be the idea.

That's not all. Using the same source of heat-energy, the thermionic enthusiasts (or, as they prefer, inducted heating experts) say they will be able to warm the whole house just like that.

No need to get up and say, "Why isn't the fire laid?" The fire's laid automatically—in every room, nook, cranny, and so forth, all over the house.

All you've got to do is switch on what looks like a radio—but isn't, although it works on the same principle.

Does this sound somewhat over-ambitious?

Well, newest information declares that some radio engineers envisage the time when whole towns will be heated by a central thermionic station.

But, then, don't let's go so far into the future. It isn't fair on the reporter.

noon," said Hogsbottle. "He was expecting something like this, and got away on that American that left her bo'sun in hospital. He'll be well down the river by this time."

"But how could he sign when China Hughes has all his papers?" the grocer objected sceptically.

"Papers," said Hairy Butler pontifically, "can be got. The polis is over the moon now they've lagged Lobscouse; and he's that dhunk they'll get nothing outa him barrin' a hiccup. Be the time they find out they've been coddled, Calvert'll be cooking a snook at the whole boiling of them."

"I'm glad there's nothing hanging over me like that," said Pybus. (To be continued.)

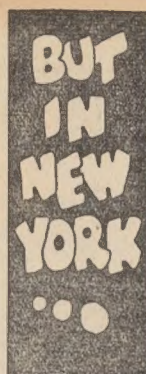
QUIZ for today

1. A barb is a fish, lizard, garment, horse, chisel, Arab priest?
2. Who wrote (a) Vestal Fire, (b) The Undying Fire?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—T. S. Eliot, Alfred Noyes, John Masfield, Kipling, Browning.
4. What is meant by the "distaff" side of a family?
5. What name is given to a congregation of beavers?
6. Where is the largest signal-box in the world?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Froward, Frowzy, Fructify, Fruition, Frugale, Fulcrum, Friggid?
8. Is it possible to draw in a game of snooker?
9. What profession does Lord Dawson of Penn follow?
10. What is a native of Ceylon called?
11. What famous character in fiction is named after a wild flower?
12. Low, Grimes, Strube, etc. working on London newspapers.

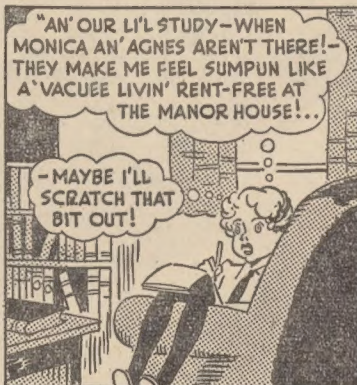
Answers to Quiz in No. 330

1. Ancient Roman game.
2. Triangle has three sides and angles; others have four.
3. (a) A travelling musician, (b) a cold wind in the Rhone valley.
4. Widdicombe.
5. (a) Sidon, (b) Gomorrah.
6. J. Alcock and A. W. Brown.
7. From "G.P."—a manufacturer's classification.
8. Universal, Horrific, Adults only.
9. 32—16 white and 16 black.
10. Sodium, Potassium and Lithium.
11. Liszt.
12. Military law applies to the forces at all times; Martial law replaces civil law in war-time.

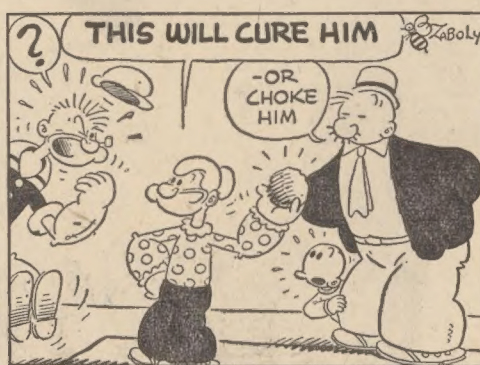
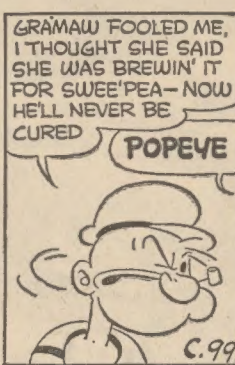
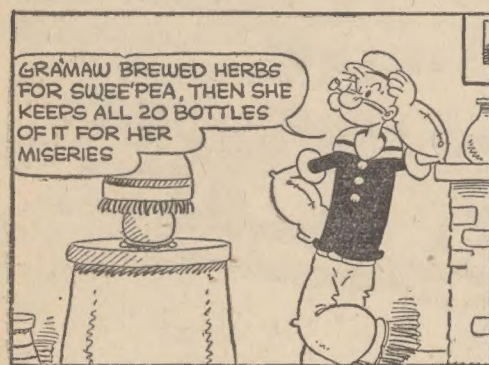
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Cards tell a story

By J. M. Michaelson

If anyone were asked what invention had contributed the most recreation to the greatest number of people, they would have to answer "Playing cards."

There are at least 100 different games of varying degrees of skill that can be played with a pack of cards, and new ones are still being invented.

No one knows the name of the genius who gave the world cards. One story credits a Chinese Emperor with having devised them for the amusement of his womenfolk, another with their invention to entertain a mad king.

The first conclusive proof of their existence is found in the 14th century. By the reign of Edward VI they were in such demand that their import was forbidden to give home manufacturers a chance.

A LONG SUIT.

Through the centuries they have altered a great deal in appearance and a certain amount in numbers. At one time the numbers went up to 21 in each suit, and later the pack was standardised at 78. It was the standardisation of the pack at 52 that gave games such as whist and bridge their chance.

Most of the cards have had nicknames which you hear now and then. Some of them are more or less localised, like "Picks" for the 10 of diamonds in Yorkshire. The origin of this seems to have been something to do with a password for Medmenham Abbey in the 18th century.

Most famous of the nicknames is "The Curse of Scotland" for the nine of diamonds. All sorts of dramatic stories are told to explain the origin of the name.

One says that it was on the nine of diamonds that the Duke of Cumberland wrote his bloody order that all prisoners were to be massacred after the Battle of Culloden. Cumberland, it is said, sat down immediately after the battle to a game of cards at his headquarters, and it is here that, impatient at being interrupted for orders, he is supposed to have written his message.

The reason for rejecting this origin is that the name is older than the battle. In the game of "comette" the nine of diamonds was the great winning card. It was introduced to Scotland by Mary of Scots and became enormously popular. The origin of the nickname was either in reference to the execution of Mary, or perhaps to the number of Scots nobles who ruined themselves gambling at the game!



Cards have been used on many occasions for writing paper. The hymn, "Rock of Ages," was written by the Rev. Toplady on a six of diamonds.

He was an inveterate whist player, and when he got the inspiration while sheltered in a cave from a storm, the card was, apparently, the handiest piece of paper available.

Oliver Goldsmith wrote an I.O.U. to Sir Joshua Reynolds on an ace of clubs, saying it reminded him of the pawnbroker's sign.

THE LAST CARD.

Many cards get their names from the "model" used for the first portraits (as "Good Morning" has already stated), although these have now generally been adapted and distorted out of recognition.

Of names not referring to the original model, one may mention "Crockford's last card," used by whist players. It is the four of spades, the last card in the hand of Crockford, the owner of the famous card club, when he had a spectacular win at whist.

You may hear the ten of spades referred to as "Buffalo Bill," commemorating the great occasion when for a wager Colonel Cody pierced in turn each pip of the card with a revolver at forty feet.

The Queen of Clubs is sometimes called "Black Bess." No one has decided who was the original queen.

Good
Morning



COMING OUT
TO PLAY?



This England

A Cotswold farm at
Cowley, Gloucester.



IN THE LITTLE SHIRT
MY MOTHER MADE
FOR ME



STOP
KIDDING

Well, who
wouldn't love
to joke with
such a cheer-
ful young lady?
The kind of
tonic long
overdue.

"Hmmm! I notice you're always saying 'I have a
bone to pick with you, son,' but this time you
don't seem too keen on sharing it."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"What's your
blood made of
kid?"

